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Kenyon Alumni Bulletin



SPRING 1965

Kenyon Alumni Bulletin

GAMBIER, OHIO

VOLUME XCI NUMBER 16

SPRING 1965

ON THE COVER

Philip Mather Hall is more than a superb science building—it is also a unique contribution to Kenyon's ethos. Samuel Salmon Lord, Treasurer-Business Manager of the College discusses its place in *The New Aesthetic* in an exclusive article on page 14.

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KENYON COLLEGIAN

Publisher

PETER G. RABBIT

Editor

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on the HILL

A.F.R.O.T.C. INDUCTION

Gambier's ROTC commander-in-chief is shown here greeting a new cadet. As a member of Kenyon's SDS (Soldiers for a Democratic Society) the young recruit will get a chance to march, shine shoes, learn about Communist infiltration, and sing the chapter's own song: "Give my regards to Saigon, Remember Me to Dienblenphu..."



PAINTING RESTORATION

In addition to its modest collection of books, the Kenyon Library houses a couple of paintings. Chalmers Library officials, of course, keep a close watch over the treasures on display, but accidents do happen. Recently an unknown benefactor arranged for the free overnight restoration of Kenyon's entire art collection. Overheard while the work was going on, "What do you mean you are Blakelock?"



DOWN AT DOROTHY'S

This traditional lunch joint has drawn a larger and more diversified clientele this year. Shown here is a view of the plywood room; Gambier's most popular nightspot has expanded and redecorated in anticipation of the new women's college. Those with sharp eyes may notice Security Officer Rex Rowdy cleverly disguised as a singer.



CHASE COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

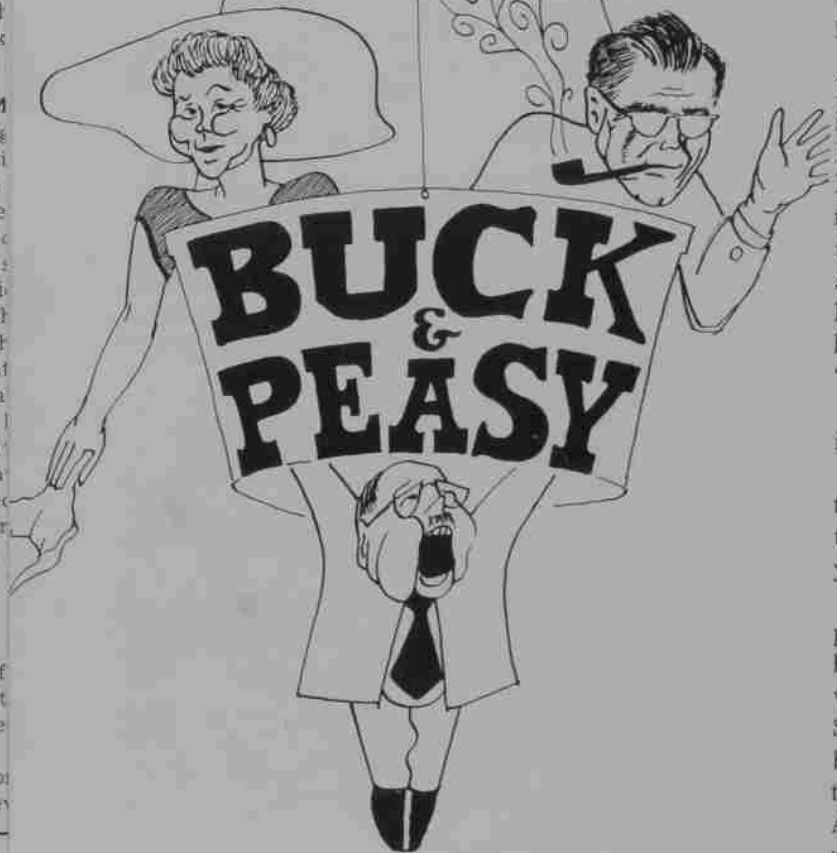
Immediately after the sealed bids were opened (the contractors' figures were only \$2 billion over architect's estimates), the laborious process of giving birth to a new women's college began. Kenyon students, shown here, flocked to watch buildings rise on historic Chase College campus. Local contractors prefer traditional methods of construction.



THROUGH ZAMBEZI

WITH

BUCK
&
PEASY



(Editor's Note: President and Mrs. Fund have graciously consented to publish in this journal the memoirs of their safari into darkest Africa in the style of Alan Paton. Since President Fund felt that his concise prose would not do justice to the aura of the continent, he has chosen to ghostwrite the article for the young journalist named Tom Wolfe. Mr. Wolfe, it is said, once wrote for the New Critics farm. He has lately been at work overturning the commonly accepted standards of prose technique. He tried his utmost to integrate his style with that of the President, in order not to transmute the character of the great explorer-administrator.)

"OOOOOOOoooooooooooooMMMPHHHAWOW" intoned the great, grey, bloodshot-eyed bull elephant as he galumphed toward us hell-bent for election. President Fund and I, our Zeiss-Ikons spinning around our heads while we beat a path for the compound, answered him as best we could, our knowledge of native dialects being low, to say the least. I quoted freely from my favorite quotable notable, Lord . . . uh . . . forgot his name momentarily. But holy motherlovin gumballs! Woweee!! The drooling, dripping, dreadful beast came straight at us like something out of a Howard Hawks movie. The experience, which we captured in several two glossy color slides (reprints available suitable framing) put me in mind of the moment of fear that precipitated our voyage into the bush.

I remember it well. God!! Do I remember it well! I was walking my dachshund, Moise, down Main Street in Gambier when I came across a senior whose name I hadn't looked up that day. My blood ran cold. Mother of Pearl!!! It was a perfect example of the mystique of communications, I thought, recalling the theme that had obsessed me since I delivered my address by that title in the fall of 1963. The young lad in question, after staring at me wide-eyed and hungry for knowledge for a few minutes, ejaculated "May I help you!!"

"I'm your President. Don't you know me," I pleaded imploringly.

"Aw." He waved his hand, signalling disappointment and failure of recognition. He continued, "There's no hope. I thought the electorate sent you to your sinuses to Arizona months ago!!!"

Cheese Louise!!! Wheeeeeeeeeee I whistled in panic and fright, and the very next moment I ran back into Cromwell House where I found my wife Peasy planting pansies on the Mohawk. Shedding my academic garb, I told her to pack her bags. We were going to Africa, I explained as one of the servants administered her a Miltown — going to Africa on a safari, motivated by my ambition to reach new levels in the Mystique of Communication. Africa was the place to do it! Holy Beasts!!! "A

think," I thought, "after visiting all the backward countries of Africa and making contact with the natives — Swahilis, Watusis, Mercenaris — and failing to communicate with all of them, I could successfully



complete my research into the mystique of communication, substantiating my theory that communication as we know it — mouth to ear, ear to mouth, hand to mouth, and foot in mouth — is out, and WE SHOULD LEAVE A DOOR AJAR FOR OTHER FORMS OF HUMAN CONTACT."

As Peasy packed all the provisions — my full set of tweeds, enough toothpicks to trade with the natives, and several decanters of only the finest John Barleycorn to buy out their leaders, I repaired to Central Path to take my last look at historic Gambier. Stepping over the hunger strikers who clogged my steps like so much moss, I strode among the green esplanades that link the majestic buildings on our campus — the Chambers Library, that big thing in which we have assemblies, and the place wherein the boys dine. "GOLLY!! GOLLY," I thought prematurely, "It's good to be back!!!!"

We had spent several weeks mapping out our itinerary, consulting with other academic travellers like ourselves, sitting in on Basic Course XXV (Head-hunting), and taking blowgun lessons down at the fieldhouse on Wednesday night. Peasy is quite good on the double-barreled model. PHFFFT!! The sound of her practicing by reclining on the divan and knocking out the crystal chandelier bulbs with her devilish little missiles echoed through the house and, combined with the steady KA-KA THUMP, KA-KA THUMP, KA-KA THUMP, KA-THUMP of the Bechuanaland drumbeat that we had piped through the MUSAK

system, it created in our cottage the atmosphere of the primordial surroundings whither we were bound.

Shortly after commencement, we boarded our balloon and, amid the cheers of thousands, well . . . a great many interested spectators, we floated off the top of Peirce Hall tower. AFRICA BOUND!! AFRICA BOUND!! To move into the mood of our voyage, Peasy and I chorused our favorite African lullabies like: "Hello, Mali" and "The Lumumba Rhumba" and "You've Gotta Lotta What Mattas, Kenyatta." As our aircraft drifted over the Azores, our pilot, famed physicist Franklin Miller, informed us that we were losing altitude due to an overabundance of weight. Mrs. Fund and I consulted on the matter; I placed several strategic calls to the Campus Senate. We resolved, finally, to dispose of Professor Miller, as he provided the bulk of the avoirdupois. Reminiscing now, I can still recall his agonized cries as he descended over the Atlantic, his white cutaway labcoat billowing majestically in the sea wind. This emergency averted, we speeded on to our destination — exotic Timbuktu. As our craft descended over this pleasant desert metropolis, which in many respects (not the least of which is its Antarctic isolation) resembles our native Gambier, the natives clustered around us



chanting wildly in terms I freely translated as "Speech! Speech!" Therefore, I yielded to their hunger for oratory and spoke at length in their native tongue (Swahili) on the technique of college administration. Following is a small excerpt from my address:

Jambo. Die gezint zina Phi Beta Kappa in excelsis; Carborundum, supercalifragilisticexpialigotious . . . Efen fa ket . . . Kitchi Kitchi Koo, Mazel Tov."

Immediately after I concluded, to the roaring acclamation of the assembled assemblage, a well-dressed

native in a madras loin-cloth approached my wife and I and graciously pointed the way to the men's room. Apparently, my address had lost some impact in translation. Briefly humiliated, Peasy and I recovered in time to greet the country's prime minister, a smiling gentleman wrapped in a heliotrope and green sarong whom I immediately presented with an honorary degree, which I drew out of a cache of same I had prepared for such exigencies. Through this gesture, I believe we scored something of a diplomatic coup, for the prime minister delivered me in return with a full seraglio of native beauties. And wow!!! I promised that I would use this allotment to form the first freshman class of our proposed women's college. The natives waxed exultant at this bit of information, and shook their spears at us gleefully as we sped toward our awaiting craft. And sweet carloads of chocolate-coated matzoh balls!!! We were off again!!!

This time it was to the east coast of the continent to consult with Nairobi Macauley, the editor of the *Kenyan Review*. Nairobi, an excellent fellow who had served as Mau Mau group historian, assisted in arranging our Alice Lenshina Exchange, whereby East Africa is to send us seven orangoutangs and we are to send in return seven Kenyon students of equal caliber. Golly gosh and peppermint pep pills!! Wheeeeeeee!! I could see at this point that our journey was producing many benefits for the welfare of Kenyon College. Leaving Nairobi and heading for Zambezi, the terminal point in our tour, Peasy and I scattered eighteen thousand honorary degrees over Kikuyu territory. The landscape was magnificent: great gobs of green and grisly foliage fumed up from the veldt below. It was fortunate that I had worn my veldt-covered hat for the occasion.

Just at this point, I remembered that I had left a hat that the King of Morocco had given me back in Rabat. This is rather rare for me. Ordinarily, I never forget a fez.

Advised by Nairobi that Zambezi was in the midst of a revolution, we abandoned our balloon, and entered the city discreetly, on camelback. The bullets from the insurrectionist's guns flew past us dangerously. TAPOSKETATAPOKETATAPOSKETATAPOKET APOKETATAPOKETATAPOKETA !!!!!!!!!!!!! WHZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ !!!!!!!!!!!!! Holy leaping garter-grabbers!!!! We were evidently involved in a situation that demanded firm leadership! And now!!! Casting aside for the moment my plans to explore the mystique of communication among the tribes populating the slums of Zambezi, I headed immediately for the headquarters of the leaders of the rebellion. I felt that my administrative experience would qualify me for the task of assuming the helm of the realm. The natives virtually cried for leader-

ship!!!! Judicial Boards!!!! Campus Senates!!!! More Ad Hoc Committees!!!! A communion of love!!!! More free press!!!!" Pointing to my experience in college administration, I was able to grant them all but the last demand, which is REAL OUT-OF-THE-QUESTION. Therefore, I told them to have patience while I learned all their names. I attempted to explain to Peasy that the only way we could extricate ourselves from this situation would be to receive another shipload of honorary degrees from Kenyon. For, in the eyes of these poor simple savages they have the same effect as Hershey Bars. We had to sit tight and let the revolution go on around us while I devised some way to send for the shipmen.

Bright lights on Christmas Morning!!!! Hallelujah Bells!!!! The scheme occurred to me the very next day: I would exhort the virtues of, in Bruce's words, which *TIME* quoted, "Intellectual taste and moral judgement" and thereby tell these chumps what I had been feeding every entering class for years. In my best swahili, I articulated, "That's all right Jack, you can do it on your own." With that, we once more returned to our balloon so as to escape the affectionate embraces of the appreciative natives.

After some months of knocking about the continent in search of Alan Paton, for whose sake we made this trip—so as to award him his honorary degree, we pulled up in Johannesburg where we were greeted by another angry mob of aboriginals demanding the honorary degrees. Jumping Cats!!!! Somehow the word had spread that we were distributing American foreign aid. We had to dispel this delusion by telling them that the Kenyon degree is worthless.

This crisis averted, we were free to sightsee in pleasant Johannesburg, in the southernmost part of South Africa, a land that not only in geographic direction resembles our own southland. While clubbing our way through the bush one day on the outskirts of Johannesburg, we came across Mr. Paton, lying face down in a clump of veldt. We veldt his pulse to see whether he still lived and Lo! He did! His first words were: "Doctor Fund, I presume?" I correctly identified myself and brushed the flies off my face so as to better perceive the lineaments of this South African man of letters. He thanked me humbly and presented him the degree, and stifled a smile of amazement when I told him that such luminaries as Phyllis Newman had won it in the past.

Back in Gambier, after innumerable scrapes with the Simbas and other minority groups, Mrs. Fund and I arranged our color slides and invited the faculty over to view them. We are up to the Biology department and are expecting the Political Science Department next week. No slackers now. As we would say in Maine: Kes-kesay-kesaaaaa!!!!

The Kenyon Bookshelf

Samuel Lord contributes a new first in the annals of suspense fiction with his superb first novel, **The Day They Opened the Sealed Envelopes**, written in the form of an alibi with a saving preface by William Thomas. (Doublecross & Co., \$2.??).

Ronald Berman has done a **Compilation of Student Bibliographical** research to be published immediately after commencement by Plaeger Press (\$15.00). The work is an extensive treatment by Mr. Berman of work done for him, drawn from other than original sources.

F. E. Lund is the editor of the second edition of **The Seven Simple Tools of College Administration**. The volume contains contributions by Wes Tutchings, Tracy Scudder, John Knepper, Bruce Haywood, Thomas Edwards, William Thomas, and John R. Kushan. (Hand Press, \$23.12).

Paul Schwartz, Kenyon's own Stravinsky, has written **Way Bach When**, a biographical study of baroque and improverished musicians. (Harpo Bros., \$56.24).

The Department of Political Science has joined forces to produce **Totalitarianism in the Smaller Community**, a study in retrospect of recent happenings at a small, midwestern college town. (Published posthumously by Harcourt Place & Co., \$12.00 deposit).

Richard Freeman ('67, perhaps) is now employed by the editorial department of **The New Yorker** as a hairdresser.

Random Throw House has announced the publication of **Dixie Pixie**, the text of a play by James Michael based on the life and loves of Dan Emmet. The play, to be produced by the Knox County Respiratory Company, will star (as Dan) Parsifal Roelofs and (as Brunhilde, the girl who loved him) Margarine Henshaw. Libretto by J. D. Madden, based on a rumor by Peasy Lund. Original Story by Bruce Catton.

P. F. Kluge ('64) and John Cocks ('66) have collaborated on a book of affectionate reminiscences tentatively titled **The Time of Our Life**, to be published by Org. Edit Publishers in cooperation with **Time-Life books**. Another current project is their long-planned **Hackensack Review**, a quarterly of somewhat literary opinion, to be published at infrequent intervals throughout the next leap year.

Hyacinth Beddoes Laffoon, who for some years was college widow in residence, has published the **Handbook for Unmarrieds in Gambier**. (Basic Course Books, \$17.00 a throw).

Noted alumnus F. Alton Wade, who searched and named Mount Kenyon, will publish the memoirs of his journey in a volume co-authored by Bruce Haywood and entitled **The Magic Mountain Revisited**. (McGood-Hill, Inc., 75¢). Includes free supplement showing the campus patrol keeping a close watch on the peak to guard against women's hours violators.

Gerrit Roelofs, Professor of English Literature, has written a collection of his favorite secular lyrics entitled **Songs My Mother Taught Me and Told Me Not to Repeat**. (Bawdy Beautiful, \$234.62). Comes complete with xylophone.

The College Publications Office is distributing free **The Letters of Collingwood DeVilbiss**, Kenyon '00, the only alumnus who, when asked to contribute toward the Alumni Appeal, turned in his degree and requested a refund, declaring, "I'm all right, Jack, so the Hell with you." Mr. DeVilbiss's letters provide a rare find for collectors of Kenyoniana.

MAN TO MAN

"Only in America!"

— Harry Golden

*"On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play . . ."*

— Rudyard Kipling

"Security is a warm blanket."

— Charles M. Schulz

by Tracy ("Dick") Scuttle

Let me talk straight from the shoulder. In these days of constant civil turmoil, "The Race Question" has become a topic of some concern and even interest, and I am often, on my travels across this land, asked by many Prospective Men of Kenyon just how "The Race Question" is being handled in Gambier. It has occurred to me that all Men of Kenyon, alumni as well as prospective, will be interested in my answer. I don't mean to be presumptuous here, or egotistical or anything of that nature, but I do think that at this time of national internal strife (internal national strife? check with Gerrit. — T.S.) it is of vital, and even significant importance that Kenyon declare herself. In a manner of speaking, of course. This way I hope to clear up the picture a bit, so you'll rest assured that Kenyon's dedication to the individual, and the individual in relation to his academic society, stands ever firm. Oh, as firm as it has ever stood.

Now, of course, I should add here that my answer to queries about our handling of what liberals have chosen to call "The Race Question," depends, naturally, on who asks me the question. If I'm talking to a good lad from Dixie, to take one possible example, I firmly and honorably inform him that Kenyon College does not exercise discrimination of any form. After

all, we must follow the precepts set down by our president, old what's-his-name, and his forerunners. Let me remind you now, just as I remind our theological good boy from Dixie, that our founder was a minister of God, founding a school for one of those Protestant sects.

If, to take another possible example, I'm talking to a good lad from New York, or one of those Eastern cities, I tell him the same thing: no discrimination of any form! If he still seems interested, I'll show him slides of our Kenyon Men pitching in to help those poor wretches on the River Road, building their chapel and things of that nature.

Now, of course, Kenyon has always stood also for the individual happiness of the individual, and to that end we want to know what roommate will make an incoming freshman most happy, and one with which he will be most compatible, and secure, too. To this end, we send each member of each new freshman class a postcard, asking him what his favorite colors are. When these are returned, they are analyzed by Kenyon's crack psychology department, and we then proceed from the sketch that gives us of the various patterns of opinion which can make a pair of roommates either fast friends or deadly foes, and try to match up the boys accordingly, that is, put two of similar patterns of opinion together.

In these times, when the so-called "Race Question" has become so important, we of Kenyon are rising to the challenge set us by society. It is a topic, or "Question," if you will, or won't, that we must face fairly and squarely, with honesty and dedication to the highest ideals of a liberal academic institution, which is, after all, what we are now, and, indeed, always have been. We of Kenyon do not merely face "The Race Question," we, in fact, rise above it, so that we may stand straight and tall, and say, with the great swelling chorus of voices across the land, "We Shall Overcome" in a manner of speaking.

Freshmen are matched according to patterns of opinion.



A Report:

Alumni-Expulsions Seminar

by John R. Never

Kenyon's Admissions Department has been so successful in the past year, that the Class of '69 will outnumber the other three classes put together. Because of the fierce competition for admission to the good schools, due to the "baby boom," the number of Ivy-League rejects has greatly increased; and Kenyon has been fortunate in snapping up just about all of them. After all, they must be good college material; they applied to the good schools didn't they? Kenyon wants to get this group.

However, one impediment stands between these men and Gambier. Right now there is no place to put them all. We had considered building a football stadium like Ohio State's with rooms inside it, but that would take at least a year to construct; and, if things

room for its freshmen next year if it got rid of its upperclassmen. The normal, highly-heralded attrition rate just is not up to the task. The Administration *must* take active steps to make Kenyon safe for freshmen.

I outlined the many preliminary steps which had been taken toward wiping out the upperclasses. We did away with tradition in the hope that those who loved Kenyon most would go somewhere else where they have maintained tradition. This plan, while basically successful, led to the renewal of interest in tradition. But you shouldn't expect the Administration to consider the possible results of its actions against the students.

Then we started placing as many of the good stu-



"Don't you think three minutes after women's hours is a flagrant violation?"

continue in their present direction, we will not have a football team in a year anyway.

Another approach was initiated by our faculty by leaving Gambier. Their College housing may be appropriated for student use. Even this generosity will not suffice to accomodate the horde. A more encompassing plan of attack is required; and we have it.

I personally used my authority to summon the Alumni Council. A few were reluctant to come; but I threatened to resign if all did not show up. Twelve extras arrived, and I named them to the Council. Also present were the members of the Expulsions Committee, all of whom I had appointed. I had chosen Coach Tom Edwards, Jim Cass, Frank Yow, Chuck Imel, Frank Miller, and F. Buck Fund. Only President Fund, who could not be located, was absent; but I expect to see and reprimand him soon.

I announced my idea, which had come to me in a dream. Basically it is this. Kenyon would have enough

dents on academic probation as possible, no matter how high their averages were. Those with low grades often were not put on probation in order to expedite their withdrawal from the College "for academic reasons." Unfortunately, both groups raised their averages thanks to the newly instituted Basic Gut Courses. We have been unsuccessful in finding valid reasons for revoking any scholarships.

Our next plan involved shattering the students' faith in the College. We sabotaged the swimming team. All during the season anybody could beat "the purple flood," even the Toledo YMCA. Then, wham, didn't

About the author—John R. Never, a Kenyon graduate, is currently serving as Assistant to the Vice-President for Development, Assistant Director of Admissions, Alumni Secretary, and Resident in Norton Hall.

all the swimming team dropouts return to win the Conference meet and ruin our plans.

Finally we came upon the penultimate subterfuge, something which would cause every upperclassman to throw up his hands in disgust and resign from the College. We got a couple of our tools "elected" to the "Campus Senate," a body which we had created for our own purposes. Under our tutelage, they decided that it was wrong for the rest of the student body to drink alcoholic beverages if they did not. They still do not drink, but the rest of the students still do. Enough of the students woke up during the Assembly at which we announced our new no-drinking regulations that an active movement among the students sprung up to keep Kenyon wet. We again failed.

Undaunted, we turned to our ally the Judicial Board, formerly the Student Judicial Board. As Assist-



ant Director of Admissions I had access to the histories of each student at Kenyon. Four in the present student body had actually sold their grandmothers down the river, and we picked them for the Judicial Board, just to make it appear that the students were represented. We added several faculty to sway the students' decisions in our favor; and *voila*, such an injudicious gang of cutthroats you could not imagine. They show great promise, having already increased the punishment for the most common and trivial offense from a letter of warning to eighteen days of suspension. Also they have broadened their scope by taking such cases as swearing at officious people in public. And we are toying with making acene a violation of the ungentlemanly conduct rule, since it is four times as offensive as swearing. Already they have invented such useful devices as alcoholic probation, Peirce Hall probation, and Middle Path probation. So far, nobody has violated his probation, which would result in immediate expulsion; but we have great hopes for the future. The Judicial Board also managed to place three fraternities on social probation at one time. However, even the Judicial Board cannot get rid of enough students this year to make room for next year's freshmen.



We tried to interest the students in quitting school and getting jobs. I had four alumni speak on the joys of the business world, but the apathetic students did not avail themselves of the opportunity to meet these men and find out how to break into business this summer and stay there instead of returning to school in the fall. By their own lack of initiative, the students have forced me to take the ultimate action.

This summer every single one of next year's upperclassmen will receive notification of his expulsion from Kenyon. We can trump up reasons for such drastic measures, we have lots of practice in rationalizing our abuses against the individual students.

With this in mind I called together the Alumni Council. They have agreed to give jobs to every student expelled. I mean, we can't have the students believing that Kenyon does not care about their welfare. Besides, with all those men in business instead of graduate school, they will be earning money that much sooner. This means that they can right away become good alumni and donate money to perpetuate the Kenyon to which they are so indebted.

"But, Mr. Edwards, he was such a good Phi Kap."



Faces of Gambier

VILLAGE MARSHAL CHARLES IMEL

To the end of indulging in a little chat with chic Gambier's own peace officer, Marshal Charles A. Imel, fondly called "Chuckin' Charlie" by the town's lively college students, we meandered down the tradition-laden Middle Path of Kenyon College and into the village proper, where we discovered the good marshal happily at work stopping cars and searching them for marijuana.

"Just trying to keep the peace," he snorted affably, replacing his sawed-off Mauser in the tooled-leather Western holster he keeps constantly strapped to his plumpish thigh. "But never come up behind me again." He released the front of our ruffled dress shirt and cracked his large knuckles.

We asked him, after trying to regain at least a small fraction of our composure, whether he had caught any malefactors this particular day.

"Now don't get me wrong," he replied adjusting his well-stuffed bandoleros. "I love this job, and I love the people of Gambier. Trouble is, there's got to be someone to keep law and order in this town, and it's a job that one of them college professors once called a 'thankless task.' Now I don't know as I'd go so far as all that, but it can be a might difficult at times. Excuse me."

Marshal Imel walked across the street and, before our amused eyes, turned a rather unwieldy fire hose on a group of jaywalkers. After giving the group chase for several hundred feet, and tapping several of their members playfully with a heavyish blackjack, he returned to us and inquired if he might borrow our handkerchief to wipe some of the hose water and perspiration from his rugged face.



"Kids got to learn a little respect," he said affectionately, handing us back our hand-sewn lace hanky. "I just like to see the law stuck to. Put some of these guys in the Marines, they'd learn O.K. I had to. We all had to. No choice, I had ma boys on Paris Island there for six months, and after a while they loved

every minute of it, even the alleygators. Want some Red Man?" We declined, and instead took some snuff. Marshal Imel tore off a largish portion of the tobacco and began to chew thoughtfully. "Scuse me again, will you?" he asked, spotting a lady with two large Dobermans coming down the street.

The intrepid Mr. Imel repaired to the sidewalk, where he accosted the lady with the Dobermans. Ignoring her pleas, we could hear the good marshal in gruff but not dictatorial tones arresting the lady on charges of not curbing her companions, obstructing traffic and outraging public decency (the dogs were almost embarrassingly unclothed). He fined her a

"All right, it's three minutes past women's hours — Let's go in and get 'em!"



healthy sum and ordered her to appear in Columbus court, with her attorneys, if she so desired, in ten minutes. When the lady and her friends refused to disperse, the dedicated officer gave her a little gentle prodding by shooting his tear-gas fountain pen at one of the dogs. A small crowd had gathered, but quickly went their several ways when Imel threatened action by the National Guard.

"Everything on the up and up," Marshal Imel said to us when we asked for a brief summary of his philosophy of keeping the peace. "And a little respect for the law, is all I ask," he added, accidentally spitting some tobacco juice on our Capezio slip-in.

We thanked him very much, and left him there about to arrest a whistling student for disturbing the peace.

VIRGIL CHARLES ALDRICH
A.B. (OWU), *Diplome de Etudes
Superieures de Philosophie* (Sorbonne)
Ph.D. (California), L.H.D. (OWU)
Guy Despard Goff Prof. of Philosophy
Former Chairman Dept. of Philosophy



LOUIS AULD
A.B. (Oberlin), M.A. (California)
Instructor in French



RONALD BERMAN
A.B. (Harvard), M.A., Ph.D. (Yale)
Associate Professor of English

"Some of our younger men have transferred to Toprank—one or two even to Much-Striving. It is probably their wisest plan. We are quite happy to let them succeed in that way. An exchange of ideas and personnel is a good thing—although, to be sure, the few men we have had from Toprank have been rather disappointing. We always avoid friction when we can. And, in our humble way we can claim to be doing a good job."

—C. Northcote Parkinson

These men will have the good fortune of not being in Gambier next September. Because the complete list of those considering emigration is quite long, we have pictured only those whose definite plans have been announced.

—The Editor



LEONARD GERALD MILLER
A.B., M.A. (Johns Hopkins)
Ph.D. (Chicago)
Assistant Professor of Political Science



GERALD EUGENE MYERS
A. B. (Haverford), M.A., Ph.D. (Brown)
Chairman, Department of Philosophy

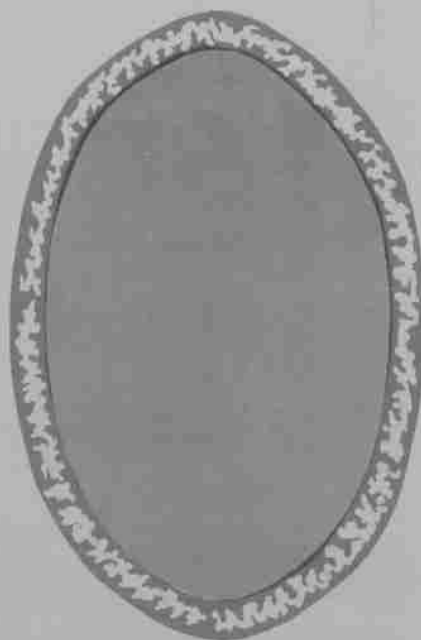


CHARLES RAY RITCHESON
A. B. (Oklahoma), D. Phil. (Oxon)
Chairman, Department of History



RAYMOND ENGLISH
A.B., M.A. (Cantab.)
Former Chairman, Dept. of Poli. Science

NORMAN NICHOLAS FELTES
A.B. (Notre Dame), M.A. (U. College,
Dublin), B.Litt. (Oxon.)
Assistant Professor of English



CORNELIUS DANIEL SULLIVAN
A.B., M.A. (Toronto)
Ph.D. (Georgetown)
Visiting Associate Prof. of Political Science



ROBERT STETSON
A.B. (Vermont)
Manager, Saga Food Service

PAUL BARTON TRESCOTT
A.B. (Swarthmore), M.A., Ph.D. (Prince)
Professor of Economics
Former Chairman, Dept. of Economics



THE PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL REPORT

by F. Buck Fund

First, let me say what a distinct pleasure and a mild surprise it is to be able to report to you again. Your abiding faith in my management team and your daily prayers for our improbable success are sources of constant inspiration and necessary sustenance. Your willingness to acquiesce to the broad program and general policy drawn up by your administration and your disinterest in the path down which we forcefully lead Kenyon Corporation are reassuring. We are able to determine our small goals and set our eclectic targets without the fear of scrutiny and review which is so discomfiting to me.

We are pleased to announce that last year we were "short" only \$18,000 and this year we hope to break "out of the red and into the black." Regardless of the deficit and our inability to contain it, I would like you to know that this is a small blemish on our record and should in no way cause you to forget the strides we are achieving. We feel continued optimism that Kenyon Corporation is back on its knees toward a profitable operations position and you will be interested in the recent innovations initiated by us to ensure this possibility. Orders accrued from 642 to 708 last year, including a 35% increase in orders for Kenyon Class I, handled through the completion of our new Gund plant. This dynamic increase was facilitated by our rapid and successful adoption of new production techniques: B.C. I, B.C. II, B.C. III, B.C. IV, B.C. V, & B.C. VI. As reported to you by my trusted lieutenant, John R. Never, in an earlier issue of this publication, "Already we note tremendous enthusiasm among our students for the new techniques adopted under the revised [production] programs of your administration."

While John's statement was a little premature (it followed implementation of the program by three days), I may corroborate his statement now. This program is ideal for our aims; under it our employees are able to operate more efficiently by working with bigger groups of parts. In this way we are not unlike the Maytag Corporation which recently found that employees perform better when building a complete system of a washing machine than with simply screwing a nut on a bolt. Such have been our results here. Employees are happier, feeling their contribution is

greater, efficiency higher, and product rejection lower as they come in contact with fewer individual parts. Except for once-a-week meetings with small sections, our employees are free to work in mass meetings which gives them considerable time for other pursuits: back-scratching, job hunting, and house-hopping. Within another year we shall have our standards and techniques refined to a simpler level: we have already introduced the "yes," "no" question and look forward to reducing it further to "maybe."

Ever on guard for quality control, we have hired, at no small cost, Educational Testing Service to gauge the quality of uniformity of our product. Results should be forthcoming soon. Another upgrade in quality control has been the unionizing of the employees. We have already made it possible for one employee to go because he wouldn't join the union. Everyone in educational production knows that carrying employees are the best employees. Those who refuse to join the Ph.D. corps and who expect tireless devotion and service to the institution to be sufficient have much to learn. Our feeling may be understood through a quote I'm fond of using: "I've got more Jack, to hell with you."

Customer service has not been neglected by your management team either. Mr. Never has been appointed foreman of the Class I production line and I am pleased with the care and restraint that he has used in this delicate position. You might have seen the feature article on John in a recent copy of our house organ, the *Kenyon Collegian*. Mr. Never continues to operate in other departments of the administration as well (see page 7 for his report).

He has been particularly able in our Post Production Completion Division (Alumni Office—we upgrade everything here; it improves our image). Kenyon Corporation has a reputation of never leaving its customers—a service we cherish and embellish with every appeal—and John has done yeoman service to represent the College to such groups. His warmheartedness and ingenuousness have long captivated customers.

Other strides have been made in customer service. You remember Bruce Haystack. Sure you do. He used to be in the German plant back when we were small and devoted excessive attention to individual parts. Well, we made him Dean and directed his insights

1. Stendhal.

2. *Kenyon Alumni Bulletin*, October-December, p. 3.

bigger things; now he travels the country spreading the word about our work. He has done a bang-up job. We hired a consultant to tell him where to give what speeches (the same one Barry had during the campaign). It could happen you know—give the right speech in the wrong place. Once he did—that's when we hired the consultant. Happened in North Gambier. We still have small pockets of customers who insist our management approach to the educational market is wrong. There are still people who believe that "college," as they quaintly refer to us, should strive to broaden the individual, that there are no "molds," as they refer to our B.C. production standards, and that the end of education is self-development. As Bruce recently said, "We would expect liberal education to put an end to thinking by cliché."

Management vitality is another area in which your administration has spent many fruitful hours. We now hold weekly meetings to find out what each other is doing—"teamwork" we call it. Attendance is good—no one dares miss. Another phase of your management's recent training is the personal broadening and increased scope we have developed from our travels. Last summer (or was it fall?; oh, I can't be expected to remember times) my wife, Poesie, (or is it Peasie?; oh, I can't be expected to remember names) traveled to Africa (or was it Russia?; oh, I can't be expected . . .) the sightseeing was wonderful and I shot many interesting pictures of African folklore (see page 2 for an article). Mr. Tom Edwards, Personnel Director and chief of the Part Fulfillment Dept., has worked up a lecture on YMCA's that he enjoys giving. He gathered materials for his lecture following a tour last summer. Bruce travels too, as I mentioned before, but I can't keep up with him. One man we don't let travel is Mr. Peter G. Rabbit.

Pete is in charge of our Public Information section, a recently revitalized division of our management team and his talents are well known to you, having been generously displayed in these pages for the past several issues (see his report, inside back cover). Kenyon Corporation still has a blurred national image and we hope in time to tighten the focus, so to speak. Great advances in getting our story across have been made through the *Mt. Vernon News*. We remain confident that Pete is the man to define and guide our national image projection and we are hopeful that the one big necessary national spread will happen. We wait, and wait . . . and wait.

Employee turnover is a slight problem. Following long discussions between us, we have decided to take a new tack on this problem: we shall expose those who forsake us through a regular (and continually expand-

ing) section of this magazine, "The Gallery of Greats" (see page 10).

Other new advances have been made in other fields. Your management will not squat upon the laurels of our well-received recent innovations. As Cervantes said, "Tomorrow will be a new day." We have made plans to enter the highly exploitable (and volatile) female educational market. Feasibility studies of this new facility have been shuttled to committees: Mrs. Betty Nist, chr. broad policy committee; Mr. John Kushan, chr. period of adjustment committee; Mr. Dick Hettlinger, chr. "Do God and I Want It" committee; Mr. John R. Never, chr. public relations committee and Mr. Franklin Miller, chr. "Are the Stars Right" committee. We await their reports. You may be assured that your administration will not unthinkingly go into this market without considerable forethought.

Bruce thinks about it all the time.

There is another side to our annual report which is not pleasant. We, like any other corporation, have problems. In fact, I'm paid to solve them. You shall be interested in the foresight and planning we have used to approach the problems we have. We have embarked on a broad capital investment program. Among the projects have been urban renewal for Gambier (Corp. H.Q.) and a new facility to house Class II, III and IV independent parts. In the case of the latter we were sold a bill of goods by a onetime distinguished and "pushy" architect type. His estimate was \$200,000 below contractor's estimates. You may well wonder who is responsible for such a gross miscalculation. Well, Sam and I would like to assure you that your administration is alert to the problem. The other project was similarly bungled by outside elements. The company builders, George S. Rider Co., have long been known to you for the graceful way their buildings blend into our pastoral setting. In the case of the Better Urban Community for Kenyon project, employees and parts objected to the style for the building. We designed it four times for them and could not resolve the problem. Finally, Sam handled the problem by "eliminating all the trim."

Lest I bore you, let me finish my report.

You will be happy to hear that your administration continues its high level of competence so evident in our Parts Selection Division (sometimes called Admissions Office). You may be assured that through intensified cost-cutting efforts, as witnessed by our ratio of parts



4. Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, 13th Edition, page 1086.

5. The Kenyon Collegian, April 16, 1965, p. 8

3. The Kenyon Collegian, April 16, 1965, p. 2.

to employees, from 9:1 to 15:1 and through the abolition of certain departments, that your administration is on the alert. Our research department, until recently under the aegis of Mr. Ronald Berman, and our development department, until recently under the aegis of Mr. Bill Thomas, continue with new breakthroughs. Mr. Berman was responsible for *Henry King and the Seventeenth Century* and Mr. Thomas has been responsible for our ability to raise money for housing parts. These R & D men shall be missed.

The growth we have experienced in the last several years has tapped but a fraction of the potential we see in the broad world of educational opportunity that surrounds us. The exploding markets of today portend a tomorrow more abundant in new developments, programs and growth than any era the world has ever known. You may rest assured that your administration is conscious of the role it can play in this tomorrow. We are cognizant of our problems, knowledgeable of our limitations. We remain open to all suggestions for their handling.

To summarize, permit me to quote myself: "As I reflect upon the recent successful campaign, I feel that it would be irrelevant to comment on the magnificent response of our alumni and friends. Their tangible demonstrations of faith are not a discharge of debt which is past and overdue; they are a pledge to a greater faith in the future. . . . The tangible success of our campaign gives us great encouragement. But success pauses only momentarily, only long enough to define an individual purpose, to reassert a conscious unity and to point the conquest of some greater challenge. What was remote and fantastic now appears possible. Some will define this as faith, others as conscious life. For Kenyon (Corp.) let us say simply present success beckons us to a larger vision." Five years later, I would add only that we expect our position to improve as our market area increases 12% nationally and as your company becomes recognized for the type of product we offer.

6. *Kenyon Alumni Bulletin*, January-March, 1960, p. 2.

About the author—President F. Buck Fund, the acting spokesman of Kenyon Corporation is the author of numerous articles and a manager of wide renown. Among his published works are: "The Seven Simple Tools of College Administration" (see page 5 for a description), "A Guide to Latin Pronunciation," "How to Get Money from the Foundation of Your Choice," "Personnel Selection: a study in the hiring of 'non-pushy' types," and his minor classic "The Visiting, Revising, and Further Revisions of College Buildings."

THE N

by Samuel Salmon Lord

As Treasurer-Business Manager of Kenyon, and therefore supervisor of the architectural and aesthetic aspects of her expansion, I have always thought of my work as being among the most important done in Ransom and Ascension Halls. I have found through my experience with the plumbing business and through my philosophical research, that it is the physical aspects of a person, the physical aspects of a location, and the physical aspects of a building which create its ethos. In the course of my expansion of Kenyon's physical plant, I have often been accused of changing her ethos by destroying tradition. In this demonstration of my position of my aesthetic, I wish to make it plain that I am not destroying tradition, only facelifting it into the Twentieth Century.

UTILITY IS BEAUTY

Throughout the history of philosophy, (See Will Durant, *History of Philosophy*) men have pondered the question, "What is the beautiful?" Each age, each culture has approached the answer. At Kenyon, we too, used to grapple with the problem. We too, built incredibly ugly monuments to our struggle in buildings like Old Kenyon, the Church of the Holy Spirit, and Peirce Hall. But at Kenyon today, all mistakes are being eliminated. The struggle is over. We have found the basis of the new aesthetic. *Utility is beauty!* All subordinates in Ransom Hall will bear me out.

It has been said that one example is worth a thousand words. Therefore, I shall enter into a discussion of the concept of utility as beauty in relationship to the latrine facilities planned for the new dormitories. In these luxurious buildings, presently being beautified by Mr. Kling, we plan to increase the student-to-latrine ratio, thus eliminating the necessity of placing one or seven of these units in a row (an arrangement which many students seemed to resent). In fact, we have decided that the bathrooms in the new dormitories will contain only one urinary unit. Market research conducted by our night watchmen tells me that the usage of these facilities in the present dormitories is negligible during the hours of two to six a.m. Through the means of a schedule, coded with each student's social security number, we plan to achieve a greater spread of usage-hours, thereby eliminating this slow

W AESTHETIC



"Don't be a prude, inspector. One urinal is more than enough."



"All right, Mr. Kling, here's the new site. Now see what you can do with it."

Utility is beauty.

The Paramount Problem



period and increasing efficiency well over 4,000%. Thus we will have, in effect, private toilet facilities for each student. Need I discuss the intimacy, the innate beauty of such an ideal arrangement.

For those who fail to understand the logical beauty of the foregoing example, I will add one more. In the new dormitories we have also decided to eliminate all telephonic facilities—whether inner or outer directed—not for the sake of economy, but to relieve the heavy load on the two telephone lines in Gambier. This arrangement will undoubtedly encourage the formation of beautiful and enduring relationships by forcing direct oral communication between students and faculty members. It will also eliminate the distracting influence of the outside world which too often thrusts itself upon unwilling Gambier. I am pleased to note that Mr. Peter G. Rabbit has agreed to help out by removing the telephones in his basement offices. They were never used for anything but leaking vital secrets anyway.

In the course of my work at Kenyon, I have often felt that students are not sympathetic with my attitude toward money. (At least, that is the impression I get from my secretary, Mrs. Barzidori. I never speak to students directly.) In an attempt to answer their implied criticism, I would like to repeat here a statement I made recently to Mr. Kling: "Money will be no problem—as long as you don't spend it." I hope that you, having had the advantage of a Kenyon liberal education will not misunderstand me, as he appears to have.

In the seventeen future installments of his philosophy, Mr. Lord will develop his initial premise that utility is beauty. Coming soon will be "Beauty is Money," "Money is Love," "Love is God," and a discussion of Kenyon as a church-oriented College.

About the author—Mr. Lord, a former plumbing salesman, is presently serving as Treasurer-Business Manager of Kenyon. In this issue he extends his interests to theoretical architecture, a field in which he has had considerable experience as Director of Kenyon's building program. His secretary is Mrs. Barzidori.

THE HONORS DAY CONVOCATION

Address

Michael R. Birtwhistle, Histronics Specialist of the Kenyon Drama Department, on "The Technique of Ticket-Taking at Drive-In Repertory Theatres." His address is a compilation of lectures delivered before the Basic Course in Fine Arts.

Citation

To Charles Imel—Five Dollars for double-parking in the swimming pool.

Bookshop Awards

To Jerry David Madden for pioneering the Alice Lenshina Exchange.
Bill Veeck for having attended Kenyon College and shut-up about it.
Tracy Scudder—\$25 to aid the Admissions Director in his recovery from a near-fatal attack of optimism.

Special Achievement Award

The Marcel Duchamp Plastic Tomato

To James Michael for reviving Dada in Knox County with his proposed production (in song and dance) of "The Dan Emmet Story."

The Walter Cronkite Last Laugh Award

To Art Lave who last year incurred disfavor among sports partisans in Gambier by leading the football team to only one victory and was subsequently replaced by Harold Johnson who won none at all.

The Dwight D. Eisenhower Award

for Unique Contribution to the Advancement of American Usage

To Norman Feltes for his classroom remark, inspired by a disappointing batch of student papers: "You know, you can't mark a waffle."

The Bela Lugosi Award for Grininess

This year goes to the entire student body of Kenyon College who, when Dean Edwards announced before a student assembly that some years ago a Kenyon student had mortally shot a resident of Mount Vernon, laughed uproariously.

The Judge Crater Medallion for Sane Jurisprudence

To Franklin Miller, Chairman of the Campus Senate, who made this public statement in reference to the new liquor laws: "Unfortunately, we can't legislate morality."

A Date with Miss Subways

To the inventive student who etched this graffiti on a blackboard in Ascension Hall: "Philander Chase and his wild-ass ideas."

The Malcolm X Award for Unique Procurement

To Bob Stetson, who served up the Denison dumplings.

Dishonorable Mention

To John Cocks, for his extraordinary ability as a sycophant goes a day with the following: Joan Baez, Peter, Paul, Mary, Ian, Sylvia, the New Christy Minstrels, and the Lennon Sisters.

The Francis Waggoner Yow Prize

for the Most Significant Improvements

to Fraternity Life at Kenyon, Rendered by a Fraternity

Recipients: Delta Tau Delta, Phi Kappa Sigma, and Delta Phi Fraternities.

The Ho Chi Minhiscule Trophy

Awarded by the Viet Cong to experts in the art of harassment: Robin Goldsmith, Dixie Long, Fred Rogge, and John Schofield, for defoliating Ascension Hall.

The Warren Gamaliel Harding Plaque

for Service to Conservation in Ohio

To the Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity and pledge class for keeping Ohio green.

Kenyon Collegian Special Bravo

This year's Golden Hatchet goes to R. G. Freeman for fostering better relations between the student press and the Office of the Dean of Freshmen.

The Thomas J. Edwards Memorial Life Preserver

Awarded to the Person who Most Ably Succeeds

in Keeping his Head Above Water

To former Collegian editor P. Frederick Kluge, '64, who once wrote that: "Attending Kenyon College is like traveling cabin class on a sinking ship."

Alma Mater

(by the Brass Band of the Arnold Air Society Signal Corps) "SOS"

Hymn

"Philander Chase"—twelve tone arrangement by Paul Schwartz.

Recessional

"Yes, We Have No Professors"—sung in monotone by Frank Lendrim.

The Tangled Thicket

"All things change."

"Women are no damn good!"

by

Bruce M. Haystack

As Goethe, or perhaps it was Schiller, has said in a moment of divine insight, "All things change." This statement applies particularly to institutions of liberal education, of which Kenyon is most certainly one. However, in contrast to Goethe (Schiller) we have the embattled cry of Nietzsche, or maybe Schopenhauer, I forget, "Women are no damn good!" The resolution of the paradoxes implied by the juxtaposition of these two positions then is the most pressing problem presented to the philosophers of liberal education today. In Dewey's words, "We must find our way out of this tangled thicket." So Kenyon, as a superior institution of liberal education, (See the recent *Comparative Guide to College Education* if you do not believe me) then must, as must all institutions of liberal education worthy of such an honorific title, take up Dewey's battle cry and try to find its way out of the tangled thicket of today.

Kenyon, as befits its proud tradition of leadership among institutions of liberal education, (being the first and only founder of the *Kenyon Review*, a widely respected 'little magazine,' and initiator of the Advancement Placement program now in use by over 500 American and 3 Canadian colleges) is once again in the front ranks of this question so important to the humanistic and scientific doctrines of today.

We at Kenyon are currently in the laborious process of giving birth to a new college for women which will stand in relation to Radcliffe as Kenyon does to Harvard. While the problems of such a creation are legion, what I demand that you take away from this lecture is a clear understanding of the need for a women's college here in Gambier so that Kenyon can fulfill her manifest destiny as a leader in the fight for the preservation of the liberal education.

The first question the uninformed observer is prone to ask is, "What is wrong with the way things are?" I need only answer him with the statement of Goethe (or Schiller). But I would add that any attempt to maintain the academic *status quo* inevitably leads to great backward steps, steps which Kenyon, as a leader in the academic world, cannot afford to take. We must go forward. The issue is not that anything is wrong with the way things are, but that they are not good enough to fulfill Kenyon's stated purpose of, in the words of Bishop Chase our venerated founder, "sending forth young men versed in all the aspects of a liberal education."

Also, I would remind my auditors of Kenyon's historic and respected ties with the Episcopal Church. The Church has never stated that it was opposed to the education of women and has, in fact, supported the concept of a liberal education as witnessed by their always more than munificent support of Kenyon. Thus by the establishment of a women's college, Kenyon will be fulfilling its traditional duty to its main bulwark of support.



There are, of course, other considerations to be weighed in the founding of a women's college, and these are the benefits that the College will accrue from such a foundation. We quite frankly admit that financial considerations did enter into the initial stages of our thought, but such mundane monetary matters soon gave way to the bright picture we saw for Kenyon and its as-yet-to-be-named women's college. First and foremost there is the exhilarating breath of life it would breathe into our academic life. Class attendance would zoom if the added incentive of women were introduced into them. Attendance at the lectures sponsored by the Lectureships Committee would also increase because they would afford the stu-

dent an inexpensive way to have a date. And with this increased attendance we can only expect that the students will learn more and thus will perform even better in comparison with other colleges on such all-important measurements as the Graduate Record Examinations and the accumulation of graduate fellowships. Social life would also improve as the students began to take an interest in their own physical appearances as well as those of the women students. We might even be able to initiate the two year program of physical fitness that the Department of Physical Education and Culture has been campaigning for. The consumption of alcohol, which has long been the Achilles Heel would drop markedly as students would

About the author—Bruce M. Haystack is Dean of the College. He has been a jazz artist and a professional soccer player. A graduate of Redbrick U., he is most widely known for speaking like R. G. Freeman.

The first, as I have already mentioned, is the establishment of Kenyon once again in the front ranks of liberal education as measured by the academic performance of our students and faculty. Also, we will realize that boys being boys, they will try their best to impress the women and one of the main ways this is achieved is upon the athletic fields. We have seen the success such colleges as Davidson have had by attaining a national ranking in a major sport and perhaps Kenyon will be able to do the same. It is not inconceivable to imagine that our historic rivalry with Ohio State may be renewed or that Kenyon would be, by universal recognition of her greatness, admitted into one of the more prestigious athletic conferences, for instance the Ivy League or the Big Ten.

In the field of alumni relations, the addition of women to Kenyon would be a double boon. Not only would alumni be able to send their sons to Kenyon but also their daughters. Then when they have graduated, both sons and daughters of alumni will send their sons and daughters to Kenyon. This would swell the ranks of our alumni who could then be more active in recruiting students and their increased number would also mean that a small contribution by each one would raise a great deal more funds than the present size of the alumni body is now capable of. We all know that 10×5 is greater than 5×5 . We have contacted an actuarial firm in Walla Walla Washington and they have projected that our number of alumni, with the addition of the women's college would increase 235,000% in the next ten years.

Thus we see that in four major areas, academically, socially, publicity and alumnily the benefits that Kenyon would reap are so great that we cannot afford but to induct a women's college into Gambier. And we have also seen that such an importation fulfills the historic and traditional missions of Kenyon College. Yes, Goethe (Schiller) said, "All things change." And Nietzsche (Schopenhauer) said, "Women are no damn good!" But I have resolved this paradox by demonstrating that irregardless of the goodness of womanhood the cornucopia of greatness that would then flow over Kenyon, submerging her in a benign glow thoroughly justifies Goethe's (Schiller's) statement all things change. Yes, Kenyon is once again heading full steam down the tracks of liberal education, no longer the caboose but once again the engine. We have truly found our way out of "the tangled thicket"



The 136th George Gund Concert

develop the social graces of the Eastern colleges, Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Dartmouth with which Kenyon has the closest historic ties. There would be more time for studying as the Kenyon student would not feel the urge to leave pleasant Gambier for surrounding colleges on Friday to return late Sunday night. A friendly rivalry between the sexes would develop in the classrooms each pushing the other on to bigger and better achievements, bigger and better achievements being one of the chief goals of the liberal education.

In line with the academic advantages to be attained by incorporating women into this academic hinterland of sequestered excellence would be the resultant rise in publicity that the College would receive, thereby increasing the number of applications of highly qualified applicants in contrast to recent years when, in an effort to fill our quotas, we have been, admittedly, a little hasty in the number of students admitted. This rise in publicity would come about through two means.

ALUMNI NOTES



flag for Peirce Hall. She writes: "The students 'disappeared' it and I think they ought to want to replace it."

'11

STEPHEN YOUNG, United States Senator for some of Ohio has announced, regretfully, that no Federal funds have been allocated for the Knox County Thruway linking Gambier and Mount Vernon.



For some of Ohio

'16

WILT DARLINGTON-GREENE, Kenyon's first six-foot basketball player and endower of the famed Chair of Physical Education, has donated Kenyon's first seven-foot basketball player. He challenges some other interested alumnus to donate a place for this recruit to live.

'23

THE RT. REV. ARTHUR LICHTENBERGER is to be honor-

ed with the proposed new library for Bexley Hall. Supporters of this worthy cause hope that someone other than Samuel Salmon Lord will supervise the plans.

'26

F. ALTON WADE has challenged Kenyon's own David Banks to a race to the top of Mt. Kenyon.

'28

STUART MCGOWAN, after an undergraduate term of four years at Kenyon, and a twenty-year period of service in the administrative echelon, has been mentioned for the first time in the Alumni Notes.



Movement Steams On

'29

CAROLYN ROLLER, an honorary member of this class, is entering her second year as self-appointed chairlady of the spontaneous student movement to buy a new Kenyon

'36

JOHNNY WEISMULLER, then Captain of the Kenyon swim squad, was the first to slip and break his neck on the slick tile of the Shaffer Nadatorium. As a result of this accident, the Alumni Council resolved that only persons with webbed feet should be permitted to enter the pool area. A suitable coach was therefore appointed.

'40

ROBERT LOWELL and PETER TAYLOR have been asked to serve as honorary chairmen of *The Council to Save Historic Douglass House*, a group recently formed to protect this shrine from the wrecker's ball.

'41

ROBIE MACAULEY has left the *Kenyon Review* to found the *Secaucus Review*, which he describes as "the first serious literary journal to emerge from the cranberry bogs of new Jersey."

'42

JOHN GOLDSMITH, who is now working for a national press wire service, attributes his recent failure to get publicity for his *alma mater* to "presidential bungling." He was not referring to Lyndon Baines Johnson.



'47

GEORGE MATESKY, retired and now living in Pilgrim State Hospital, New York, after a 2-year career as the "Mad Bomber of New York," writes requesting return of the package he left in the basement of Old Kenyon on the day of his commencement.

'49

PAUL NEWMAN writes that he "cannot oblige this year your offer of another honorary doctorate in exchange for another ten thou. I wish you luck with Margaret Chase Smith."



Newman Hall

'50

MR. R. L. FRANCIS, Instructor in English at Brown University, continues to give the Kenyon administration the benefit of his thoughts. Recently they included ones not foreign to Gambier.

'52

F. REED ANDREWS, JR. has not yet announced plans to be in Gambier for commencement this year. He is reportedly awaiting a safe-conduct pass from Dean Edwards. Mr. Andrews lives with his wife and two children at 2559 Wellington Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

GEORGE LANNING has assumed the editorship of the *Kenyon Review*, which he describes as "the first serious literary journal to emerge from the cultural wasteland of Ohio."

'56

JOHN ROAK, JR., who is located in Pakistan for the foreseeable future, may be reached by writing 916 South Swanson Street, Philadelphia 47, Pennsylvania.

DAVID RYEBURN has succeeded at teaching addition and subtraction to those persons who planned the finances on the new upperclass dormitories.

'61

WESLEY TUTCHINGS, a founder of the Kenyon Flying Club, reports that admissions have soared above 250.



Miss Hari

'62

JOHN R. KNEPPER, Kenyon's official floorwalker and house detective, has revealed that he is the legitimate grandnephew of Mata Hari.

'63

GEORGE S. RIDER, an honorary member of this class, has won out in his struggle to build a three-rate commercial complex for a three-rate college community.

'64

PERRY CARLETON LENTZ, not participating in the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee's activities in Alabama.

'65

THE NORTH GAMBIER MALCONTENTS, an association of some members of this class, has announced plans to continue its activities *vis a vis* the College from a temporary headquarters in New York beginning in September. F. B. Fund, Bruce M. Haystack, and Peter G. Rabbit are reportedly "highlighted" about the move.

'66

GILBERT ALAN YOUNG, winner of the Robert Frost Poetry Prize in 1962, has announced the formation of the first branch of the Chalmers Memorial Library. Its location is unknown.



Mr. Rabbit

sesler bou tepeden

Voices from the Hill

voces de la colina

Stimmen aus dem Huegel

שט"ס"י כ"ן ד"א בערנעל
44

KENYON COLLEGE



GAMBIER, OHIO, 43022
OFFICE OF PUBLIC RELATIONS

Dear Alumnus,

This year I am a sophomore. As any professor inhabiting Kenyon's magnificent 500 acres can tell you, "sophomores know it all . . . just ask one!"

This is one thing I really don't profess. After a full year as director of Kenyon's recently reorganized office of public relations, I feel that giddy, overall excitement that seems to characterize the lives of freshmen as they report to college for the very first time.

There is an intense desire to do well . . . the feeling of excitement that comes as one of the biggest opportunities of life presents itself . . . the exhilaration of seeing how the total picture slowly, but certainly, falls into place with each bit of the puzzle locking into the next.

Each day the job gets bigger, or maybe the desire of the PR staff enlarges its scope a bit. The news operation, though not in orbit, is off the ground . . . the responsibilities coming into the office each day are growing.

And this is why I address this first of a new series of columns to you, Kenyon's alumni. As reported in the last issue, the mantle of editorship has fallen on me. You've had a chance to see the interim piece, "Along Middle Path," and this marks my first issue of the Bulletin.

There have been changes . . . there will be more changes. My plans for content are not only to give you the best from the campus, but to delve into the controversial aspects of life in the academic community. The first example of this can be found in the twin piece called "Liberal Arts - Dead or Dying?"

From my chair, and around the Hill, it is obvious that the students don't believe this to be the case, nor do the Board of Trustees as their decisions on further expansion continue to unfold. The next ten years promise to bring changes to Gambier . . . as did the last decade. Through the pages of the Kenyon Alumni Bulletin and the Newspaper, "Along Middle Path," I hope you will begin to feel the excitement of growth and maturation of Kenyon College.

Your letters are welcome, whether they offer a challenge or a pat on the back. This magazine is the exclusive property of the men of Kenyon and should offer a sounding board of their thoughts. The rest is up to you.

Sincerely yours,

Peter G. Rabbit

KENYON ALUMNI BULLETIN

The Kenyon Collegian
Gambier, Ohio 43022

RETURN REQUESTED

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

PRE-REVOLUTIONARY BERKSHIRE SHOWPLACE. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, comfortable, 90 acres, \$1,400 Box L-671.

CAPE MAY, N.J. Large, quiet, comfortable, furnished house, \$700, season. Box L-501.

PUTNEY, VERMONT. Accessible, secluded, hillside farm-house, stream, quiet, academic community. Season \$700, utilities included. References exchanged. Box L-728.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. Small Gay Head cottage available any week before June 11th. \$45 per week. Box L-668.

FIRE ISLAND. 4 bedrooms. New, located community. Season \$2,400. Box 350, Patchogue, N.Y.

VERMONT—LONDONDERRY. Mountain paradise. 6 room saltbox—sleeping porch, bath, extra laundry, fully equipped. Ample water, acreage, swimming pond. \$800 plus utilities. June-September. References. Owner Box L-742.

CAPE COD. Secluded waterfront. Year-round, 3 bedrooms. Access Pleasant Bay, boating. Seasonal \$2,000, monthly \$1,000. References. Box 767, Oriskany, Telephone 637-255-0404.

MATTITUCK, LONG ISLAND. For whole season preferably. Large, renovated cottage, included. Living room, 2 bedrooms, bath, dining, kitchen. Super view Long Island Sound. Private beach. Call 212-BU-8-0484.

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FRANCE. charming, ivy-clad chateau in historic Loire country. Fully furnished. 7 bedrooms, 3 baths. Available July-September. \$1,200. Box L-769.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. West Tibury. Comfortable vacation home in country setting, easy drive to private beach. \$975 season or half. Phone 516-HU-7-8857. Box L-763.

DUTCHESS COUNTY, N.Y. Bare and cottage both equipped for summer living. Each suitable for four persons. Quiet, charming surroundings. Walks. 212-TELEPHONE 8-7949.

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HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

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VACATION HOME EXCHANGE. We provide services for exchanging homes with another family for your holiday. References. Brochure on request. Box 465, Old Green, Conn.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

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NEW YORK CITY. 3 room furnished apartment, \$125 month—June, July, August. Modern elevator building. Safe, quiet area. 20 minutes Times Square, World's Fair. Box L-764.

440 EAST 79TH STREET (near York Avenue). Large 4 1/2, living room 30 ft. x 13 ft., 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, air-conditioned, dishwasher. Rental \$900 monthly. Most sacrifice furniture. 212-UN-3-2562 or weekdays, 686-8814.

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NYC—EAST SIDE. Large, light 2 1/2, including dining area and full kitchen; good closets. Luxury building, air-conditioned, doorman. Excellent transportation. Sublet. Available April 1st. \$147. Box L-655.

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SOUTHERN VERMONT. Main-partisanhamish home, private, quiet, center the Arts, Recreation, 12000, Box L-665.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CLOISTERED GOTHIC RETREAT. 405 sublime acres. Contact: P. Chalk, Gambier, Ohio.

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FRPE, BROOKLYN. 990 Successful, Little-Known Business. Work home! Plymouth-B20W, Brooklyn 4, N.Y.

SUMMER CAMP RENTALS

HOLD YOUR SUMMER CAMP. Secluded, church meeting under century-old oak at Urbana College, Urbana, Ohio. Near Dayton. New residence built; food service available. Eighty acre campus. Write Business Manager, Urbana College, Urbana, Ohio.

CAMPS

THE ROOTABAGA COUNTRY. a nation of 50 children, 6-13, self-governing under mature staff advisors—where fun and adventure learning start with unusual musical, dramatic and craft activities, and extend to the deep woods of the Green Mountain National Forest. Adventure in mathematics. Wrennash and Michael Fennell, Directors, Trembain Hill, Shattbury, Vermont.

NO FRILLS. Full \$700 worth. Music, Dance, Drama, Fine Arts, Sports (Card 6-16). Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 22, New Jersey.

T-R RANCH. Reading, Riding, Ranching. Boys 9-14. Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP on Long Lake, N.Y. Cool. Specialties include theater, dance. Full sports. NYC office: 342 Madison Avenue, TN 7-6690.

BOYS CAN WORK LIKE MEN.—full time, low cost, grow corn, feed hogs, build a "house," climb peaks, raise roofs, canoe lakes, swing partners, take a plunge. Tamarack Farm, Plimouth, Vermont. 65 boys and girls, 15-17. Trained staff. Quaker. Brochure: R. S. Webb, Woodstock, Vermont.

D-ARROW CANOE TRIPS. 36 boys, 11-17. Four age groups. On Grand Lake, Maine. Seven weeks. Lake, white water trips. Maine, Canada. Quaker leader-ike. George S. Darns, 780 Millbrook Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

THE ASHCROFTS. Mountaineering School for Boys. Adventure! White water trip, mountain climbing, extensive back tripping, wilderness survival training. Boys 13-17 years. Write Dave & Sherry Farney, Box 4, Aspen, Colorado.

RAMBLERBY CAMP for the performing arts. New Hope, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Ballet, Modern Dance, Classical Music, Jazz, Art, Sports, theater trips, dormitories. Cond. 8-20. June 27th-August 22nd. \$695. Ruth and Claret Woodford, Ramblers, New Hope, Pennsylvania.

HIGH-SCOPE.—cond, 31-36, creative challenge for capable youth 13-20. Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

PERRY-MANSFIELD. Steamboat Springs, Colorado. June 28th-August 19th. CAMPS FOR GIRLS 9th-11th grades in 7 units. BOYS 9th-11th. Horsemanship, flat and stock riding. Pack trips. Swimming. Drama. Dance. Ballet and modern. Art. Singing. School of Theater, 12th grade college. Directors: S. Perry and P. Mansfield, Box 4026, Carmel, California.

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities. Gifted boys-girls, 14-18. English, history, drama, music, folk-dancing, swimming, forestry, gardening. June 27th-August 8th. R. S. deFries, Director, North Ramford, Maine.

ISRAEL KIBBUTZ.—\$675—75 weeks work program + 10 days organized touring, 10 days free time. Students 18-25. Summer in Kibbutz, 515 Park Avenue, NYC 10022, NA 1-4120.

CAMPS

MAINE SAILING SCHOOL.—summer camp, cond, open 11-17, on Penobscot Bay. Some tutoring available. The Hillburn, Box 174, Lakeport, California.

CENTER FOR EDUCATION IN DEMOCRACY. An opportunity to join young men and women (15-27) of varied backgrounds for a unique experience in democratic living and learning. Staffed by leaders from education, government, and community organizations. July 4th to August 14th. Berkeley, California. Scholarships available. For information: 2 West 64th Street, Dept. 5, New York, New York 10023. (Project of Ecumepment for Citizens—founded 1946.)

ONLY 16 ACCEPTED private New Hampshire camp. Comprehensive tutoring. Excellent food, swimming, canoeing, rock climbing, ivy league staff. Boys 10-14. Melrose, 10 Highland, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCHOOL. Summer Session stresses mental and physical fitness for enterprising boys and girls. 15-18. Advanced studies: Astrophysics, English, French, German, Spanish. Unique setting affords excellent kayaking, rock climbing, riding, mountaineering. Carbondale, Colorado.

RETIREMENT LIVING

ADD MORE LIFE to your retirement. Investigate romantic Guadalupe. Best climate this hemisphere—culture and beauty abound. Lower living costs; medical plan; moderately priced homes starting at \$4,950 and up. Box L-100.

VACATIONS

BACK LOG CAMP. In Indian Lake, Adirondacks. New York, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness and actively welcome escape from civilization's "advantages." July 2nd to September 4th. Reductions for families and longer visits. Brochure: Mrs. Healy J. Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

LOOKING FOR SPRING in April? It's here now! Air, active apartments, near Gulf Beaches and Village Mall. Bar Beach Apartments, 16 Avenida Mexico, Santa Fe, Saratoga, Florida.

THE YOOLER.—Marathon fun or quiet relaxation in Snow, Vermont.

CASUAL ISLAND VACATIONING. White sand beaches. Everything to do—or nothing. Box M-18, Chambers at Commerce, Longboat Key, Florida.

FOR A QUIET VACATION with remote Matineux Island. Housekeeping cottages and rooms available. Write Mit. Harold Becker, Matineux, Maine.

WHY NOT THIS SPRING? . . . Enjoy hobbyist, professional painting and craft classes, Spanish, writing, history, MEA program. Theater, nature, field trip, Texas—sunshine. Mexico's finest hotel. Room, bath, board from \$4. Prospects? Sterling Dickinson, Director, Instituto Allende, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

GOOSE COTTAGE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnic. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Walther, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

TIREDS? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matanzas Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 2038, Islamorada, Florida.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Linsford, 635 Sutter Street.

BUCCANEER INN.—Holiday sword winning restaurant and secluded highway patio room, efficiency apartments, pool, private golf beach privileges, fishing, boating, golf, tennis, on Sleepy Lagoon. Write Harbour House, Buccaneer Inn, Sarasota, Florida.

OGUNQUIT.—Famous summer vacation center. Forest beach on coast. Majestic cliffs. Artists' colony, summer theater, deep sea fishing, golf, movies, Motels, guest houses, motels, restaurants, taxi rooms. Reserve NOW for cottage rentals by the season. For information write Information Bureau, Openwell 15, Maine.

CHAITS HOTEL.—Tennis, Folk Dancing, Informal Acrobats, N.Y. Telephone: Kerkhofen 7373.

Another example of the Student Self-Help Project: Initiated by undergraduates to gain the College national publicity and, perhaps, raise some money to fill the vacant coffers of Kenyon, this advertisement appeared recently in the Saturday Review of Literature.

Effective. The sound of the beasts, often preceding a breakdown in

Rud. Hank. Charlie